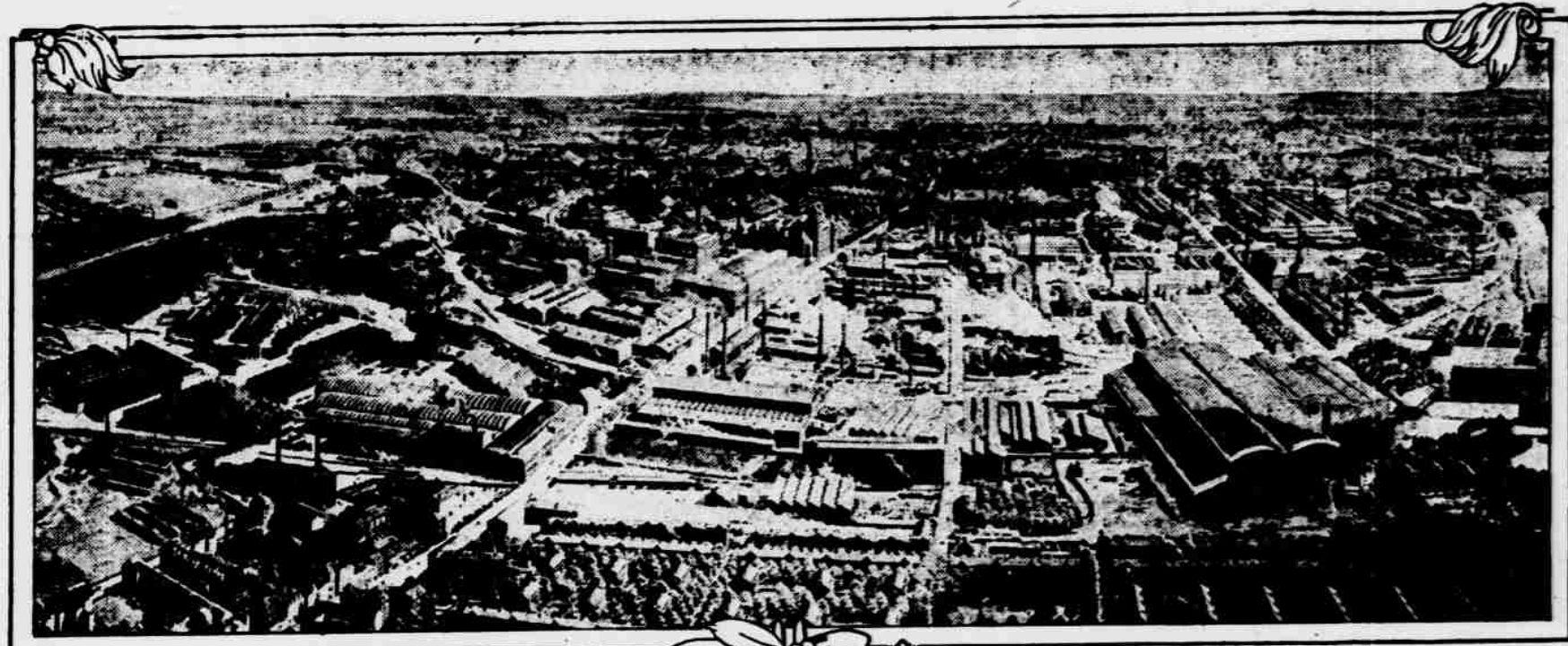


Germany, if the Great Drive Fails

Revolution Predicted Among the Soldiery That Will Overshadow Russian Uprising—National Spirit Near Breaking Point



GENERAL VIEW OF THE KRUPP WORKS IN ESSEN

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GERMANY has reached the apex of her military power and is about to glide down the rapids and plunge over the cataract into the depths."

So says a German born American citizen who recently visited me and who has served in the German army, a man who hates the Prussians. From him and from other friends who have lived there and from keen memories from my old German field of activity I am able to add that Prussianism, with its haughty contempt for the rights of mankind, is about to have its final day and that from its ashes will arise the phoenix of true German culture. This new Germany will be greeted by a rehabilitated world and given a brotherly hand in its efforts toward paying the tremendous debt it owes civilization.

Events that have recently occurred were predicted to me more than two years ago by officers in the German army, who went to fight the battles of the Hohenzollerns with cheerless hearts and a clear conviction that the final end would never justify the means.

Critical Officers Not Prussians.

These officers were, of course, not Prussians. They were Saxons and Bavarians, men born and reared in an atmosphere of commercial and artistic achievement, who hated a bayonet—save for defence—as completely as they loved a loom or a beautiful painting or a creation of a master of music; who believed in the brotherhood of man, the extension of commerce by fair competition and never in the Prussian axiom that "might makes right."

They told me then that, the rush on Paris having been stopped at the Marne, when Germany's gray millions poured through Belgium in resistless waves; the attack on Verdun having been thrown back with hundreds of thousands of German corpses as the penalty of ambition, neither Paris nor Verdun would ever fall to German arms and that the war had then reached the stage where it would be fought to the final exhaustion of the vanquished.

If Hindenburg in three years, they argued, could not advance a single foot beyond the original conquest of northern France, he cannot do it now, with a depleted army, a shattered morale and the clamor of the starving mothers, wives and children of his soldiers encouraging this army's hatred and

contempt to replace what were once fear and respect for power. When people who have been ruled by the iron hand of an autocrat and who, like dumb beasts, have accepted that rule, suddenly begin to damn their Kaiser openly and to laugh in scornful derision at the picture or name of that Kaiser's heir, it is not difficult to note the direction of the wind. And this was done more than a year ago, in my presence in a city in Saxony, where I heard men and women cursing the Emperor and saw the weakened children and cripples sneer at the picture of the Crown Prince. And a policeman who was present heard it, too, shrugged his shoulders and walked away instead of making an arrest for lese majeste.

Want Bread, Not Promises.

These people wanted bread, not promises, and when three and more years have passed and they begin to feel that the promised victory is further away than ever, when food is almost gone, when few men or women over 50 years of age have still fought off starvation, when skeleton children by the tens of thousands have been laid in their graves from lack of food and when misery in its most horrid form stalks the once fertile and happy land, it is not humanly possible for these people still to revere a man who had brought this misery to them under many promises of great victory and worldwide Germanism, or still to place great faith in his generals or his son, when the result of all their promises and boastings is more death, more hunger, more misery.

A naturally God fearing race, they have been insidiously tutored in agnosticism, if not in atheism, by the eternal claim of their Emperor that he is God's chosen ruler and that his armies are marching with God to certain victory, only to find that that victory is defeat and that a hundred thousand more widows have been made by the French and English guns.

People No Longer Back the Army.

The people are no longer backing the army, not even the Prussian people, and when that state of affairs has been reached the march of a manumitted race toward freedom is well begun. Instead of paying money now for the privilege of driving a nail in the wooden statue of Hindenburg in Berlin, the infuriated and unhappy people spit upon it and revile the name of the original.

There is food in Berlin to-day, true; there and in other great cities of the empire much food of a

certain quality, but of what avail is food when only the very rich can buy enough of it to keep death away from the door? How many can pay \$30 for a goose? How many have \$7 for a pound of so-called butter? The favorites of the Kaiser are fed liberally—the Junkers always did and always will eat—the army has been fed fairly well, yet far below the former standard, but the people themselves are hungry and only the rich may eat.

The people want peace at almost any price that will assure them food, but it must not be misunderstood that there is going to be a great organized rebellion or revolution in Germany against the Government and the military despotism, which are one and the same thing, although the lower classes do not yet understand this.

The people are too weak for concerted action. They are unorganized, they have been too long the slaves of Hohenzollern autocracy; they do not know their own power because of these facts, and there will be no revolution to destroy the present Germany and replace it with a republican form of government, but there will come a state of anarchy, of unorganized brute force against a beaten machine, a machine that will be torn to pieces simply because Hindenburg is about to play his last trump card and because he will lose the game. It is his last chance and well he knows this. Then will come the open revolt not only of the people at home but of the soldiers who have for nearly four years thrown themselves against the bayonets and shells of France and England.

Combination of Mob Force.

It will not be an organized revolt, any more than organization was shown in Russia following the overthrow of the Czar, but it will be such a combination of the mob force of peasantry, workmen and soldiers that there will be no military power which can ever again drive them, like sheep, to a senseless slaughter for the passing glory of an insane despot. And there will be no army for this angry mob to fight, for the army will be part of the mob.

Just now, on the eve of what promises to be the most desperate drive that Germany will have made against her enemies and which Hindenburg assures the people of the German Confederation will land his victorious armies in Paris and on the shores of the English Channel at Calais, these deluded people are starving to death in Berlin, the capital of the Hohenzollerns and once one of the greatest cities of the world, the city that Wilhelm wanted to build to surpass Paris in beauty. They have been reduced